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"BUT MEN DO DIFFER."

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Whatever bard will smite his lyric lyre  
To shape the cadence of his southern lay  
Unto the lisp of myrtle, palm, or bay,  
To sing of friendship, love, or fierce desire,  
Of anguish, hate, despondence, frothing ire,—  
Whatever human passion be in play,—  
His song is liquid flame and must betray  
The tropic hue and glow and vivid fire.

But bards that speak the slower northern tongue,  
Nor ever listed to the whisper of the palm,  
But caught the rhythm of their stirring song  
From giant oaks, majestic, changeless, calm;  
'Tis these that sing the firm, the sturdy, strong,  
Sublimely calm, yet grand, sonorous psalm.

C. P.

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### A NORTHERN POET.

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I love that land of humble pretension; it bears a charm for me as no other country. The plains of northern Germany have been the home of many a genius that stands by far not the last in the records of his nation or in the comparative history of the world. This region, though far distant from the height of Parnassus, is, undoubtedly, a most favored spot of the muses. You will not find the bewitching scenery of Greece and Italy; nor are there numerous inspiring monuments of long dead valor; nor does a dark-blue mountain-sky assist the attempting poet to soar aloft; nor will murmuring music of laughing waters sing melody into the dreamer's ear: and yet this land has nursed a hardy race of men, men of thought and sympathy.

From these great minds I will select the noblest, not the most ideal, but nevertheless the very best representative and most typical of his people, for a cursory study. This man is F. W. Weber, universally known as the poet of Dreizehnlinden. Well deserves that noble poet a prominent place in literature, and if my judgment deceives me not, a place not too far from Shakespeare. For in range Weber is as wide as Shakespeare; in conception as true. In his character-sketches he is most thorough and faithful; as to his aim and influence ennobling and beneficial to humanity.

Weber was born at Alhausen, 1813. In his early years he received but the education of a common school-boy; for his parents, with their moderate means, could not give him that training his extraordinary talents called for. At the age of twenty he entered the university of Greifswald, where his favorite studies were philology and medicine. Afterwards he attended the university of Breslau. When Weber had graduated with great honors he undertook long journeys for practical studies and principally to commune with nature. All his travels were made on foot. For many years he labored as physician, administering to bodily and spiritual wants of his numerous patients. In 1886 Weber celebrated his silver-jubilee as a highly honored member of the Centrum. He died 1894, at the age of 81.

This is in short the life of Weber. There was but little time for poetical occupation, but his marvelous success gives evidence of hard labor. The poet's greatest work, *Dreizehnlinden*, written in less than four years, at an age when the powers of most men are exhausted, necessitated sixty-one editions within twelve years. So singular is the charm and greatness of this epic that England, France, Netherland, etc. possess translations thereof; that musicians have been inspired by the lyric tone in *Dreizehnlinden*; that painters drew pictures modelled according to the noble characters and beautiful scenes.

Contemporaries of Weber were striving after the laurel-wreath of poetry, pursuing it as a vocation. Weber made no pretensions. It was not



necessary for him to investigate and work long, because material for poetry met him on the way; it was inborn in him, awaiting only maturity to drop as rich and nourishing fruit from his mind. Within his heart flourished most beautiful flowers of poetry; he needed but expose his thoughts. Nor was it necessary to dig for the poetic fountain, since a hypocrene gushed forth even uncalled.

Weber's poetry does not bear such youthful freshness and dazzling brilliancy as that of Goethe; nor is it a gush of joy or exultation, winding itself through flowers or rippling musically over petty precipices: but it is the mirror of the soul, ripened thoughts of mature manhood.

The vast poetic world of Shakespeare upholds and explains itself, though the footprints of the author are long smoothened down in the onward procession of generations. To know the biography of Shakespeare is utterly superfluous, for even without any comments we can understand and enjoy his works. Perhaps an insight into his life would lower our estimation of the poet. This is Shakespeare. With Goethe it is different—his works require explanation, without which they are not what they were supposed to be. In this line Weber stands closer to our master-poet, for Weber is but rarely urged by personality.

It is the tendency of German minds to strive after rich and noble thoughts, to dive deep and rise high, to create ideals. The poetry of Weber fully corresponds to this. Read but his shorter poems; what a wealth of thought is crowded into single stanzas. For the world and modern society

Weber is a just critic, who is far from praising them. Mark but the speculations of the Uhu in Dreizehnlinden, and follow the meditation of the Klausner to be convinced of Weber's keen judgment. The materialistic Zeitgeist represented by the Uhu receives severest censure, but Weber's thorough Catholic spirit checks him and strengthens him to bear patiently the dark side of human life.

Faith is always the basis of his thoughts. Thus it is that he prefers the spiritual and eternal to the comforts and sweets of this life; that he dwells on the soul, her yearnings and emotions, in preference to outward scenes. This quality, strict adherence to his Catholic faith, sets him on unshaken ground and gives his works a manly character. Even critics of different sects openly acknowledge that his sincerity in faith and outspoken sentiments concerning times and religion secured for him that prominent place he now occupies.

Weber is master in drawing characters. Though he wrote but two long poems, Dreizehnlinden and Goliath, yet these two speak loudly of the poet's ability. The principal characters stand clearly before us, that we seem to feel their presence and our nature is actually drawn to them or repelled by others. Weber's sketches are short, but the few delineations, brought in at intervals in their most fitting succession, are real touches of a master-artist. Elmar is the principal character in Dreizehnlinden, Hildegunde is almost equally important. But we never find a long description of them. In a few lines the poet sets these figures



so drastically before us that we not only admire the poet's ability but we love the persons.

The character of Elmar is most pleasing; for following the sketch of the author, his readers cannot but conceive a real hero. The delineation of Hildegunde is still happier. The poet, comparing her to a rose in the wild forest, allows the mind its widest scope, to picture the person as he likes best. But we cannot form a bad conception, for a rose in the wild forest must be lovingly beautiful. Thus the poet gradually unfolds his characters.

Scenes in nature and nature itself correspond mostly with the mood of his characters. This is a strong quality in Weber, for it brings out the characters better and intensifies the feelings. Poems in which this is of frequent occurrence are Dreizehnlinden, Goliath, Twardowski, Sachsen-trotz, etc. To his character-sketches the poet links narrations of such a simple excellence as is but seldom found. Enoch Arden may closely approach them. Weber chose love-stories, for mankind can seemingly not subsist without them. In Weber's characters love is strong but timid, deep but quiet, glowing but of the rarest purity. Around this he weaves pearls of exquisite poetry, thus achieving, if not the greatest, yet the noblest conquest of a poet.

Labor, experience, and a deep insight into the bodily and spiritual frailties of humanity, gave his nature a slight tint of sorrow, which impressed itself not only on his smaller poems but also upon his principal characters. This disposition, in-

stead of marring his works, proved most advantageous. Despising the trifle his muse takes always the highest flight and returns with thought-laden poems. Whatever affects the nature and soul of man in their innermost recesses, he sings in touching strains.

Weber is first an epic poet, he is lyric in the second place. There is a powerful tension in the German nature, which is difficult to satisfy. The depth of his soul possesses great resources, but also immense yearnings. To the development of this inner life centuries have helped to work. And as a result we have the many excellent German lyrics, dictated by the finest of human feelings.

The songs of Elmar and Hildegunde are most beautiful creations under the guidance of Polyhymnia. In purity of tone and expressiveness of feeling they are, I think, unequalled. Shakespeare's songs and sonnets of lyrical tone are fiery effusions from a breast heaving with frenzylike love. The works of Burns bear the same tincture. But nature unrestricted and nature unrefined cannot be pleasing to readers, least of all to Catholics. In his lyrics Weber is classically simple, but there breathes a soul in them that touches upon the most tender feeling a human heart is capable to bear.

Though Weber was grand in conception, taking high, ideal flights; though powerful in imagination, and profound in meditation: we behold a golden glimmer of humor, shining through the manly earnestness of his writings. The charact-



ers of Aiga, Gerd, etc. will best verify this statement.

The spirit of the people and their life find in Weber their truest and most accurate interpreter. He does not introduce those ideals Schiller creates, but he never omits elements without which the picture would be incomplete. Elmar, Goliath, Margit, etc. are types of the poet's own countrymen.

Weber has also added splendid gems to Catholic literature, gems that sparkle with as much brilliancy of real poetry as the best pieces of profane German classics. There is fire and energy in his sacred effusions. Weber knew well what a powerful influence Catholic writings exercise upon the reader. He, therefore, wrote not only to glorify God and his blessed Mother, but he interweaves wholesome lessons for practical life.

His pictures of Mary and her infant are most charming; his short meditation on Mary's sorrow touches the heart more than an eloquent sermon. Didactic poetry easily forfeits its charms, simply for being didactic. The first aim of poetry is to please. Weber finds a wonderful way of connecting the useful and beautiful. Though strongly didactic by nature, his knack, his poetic embellishment and versification save him from becoming tiresome.

“Du im hoechsten Heiligtume  
Heimatfrohe Wunderblume,  
Hold erblueht im Erdenthal,  
Fleckenlose, dornenlose,  
Du geheimnissvolle Rose,  
Sei gegruesst viel tausendmal.”



In reading these lines I cannot but recall  
Father Faber, that same childlike glowing heart.

“Mother dearest! Mother fairest!

Maiden purest! Maiden rarest!

Help of earth and joy of heaven.

Love and praise to thee be given,

Blissful Mother! Blissful Maiden!”

These are some of Faber's happiest and most thought-laden lines. Faber loved sunshine, for the dark side of human life will be hard enough to bear if men fain to shape reality to their favor. Weber is less familiar with Jesus and Mary; he preserves a holy awe. But his feeling is more intense, his love equally deep, his poetry more genuine and sustained. If “England lost a poet in Faber,” Germany may more rightly complain of Weber's late and broken career.

In Weber's works we find a complete picture of a true poet, of a genius worthy to be set aside the masters of German literature. His classic quiet, simplicity and freshness of narration, his true, but never flat characterization, his natural and beautiful tint of poetry: justly claim this place.

Goethe's verse is poetry of nature in its highest conception. He reaches far out into the world; walks the path of humble peasants and shares the throne with crowned monarchs; he feasts on earthly things and partakes of the nectar of the gods. His poetry gives most bountifully whatever liberal nature can offer. Goethe's harmony is beauty; his beauty religion. Thus poetry rises almost above human spheres—but it pauses and is silenced before the conception of God and the supernatural. Weber was also awake to the finest impressions of

nature; he photoed with as much exactness as Shakespeare or Goethe. Yet, his thoughts, his pictures and characters bear a greater charm than those of Goethe. It is the spirit of Catholic faith that adds more expression to his imagery, that delineates with more grace, that combines the natural with the supernatural.

Weber's poetry was a secret flight from prosaic reality of every day's life. It is not merely that of delight, but it is a continual striving for the useful, to modulate and ennoble the real for the better of mankind. This was a noble end.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '00.

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ROUNDEL.

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O silv'ry stars! A calm at night  
You bring upon my spirit lone;  
You teach a higher aim than moan  
O'er pleasures' loss and fortune's blight.

As if angels descended with your light  
A stillness in my soul has grown.  
O silent stars! A calm at night  
You bring upon my spirit lone.

Through heav'nly grace celestial height  
A deeper love in my heart has grown  
To Him who from His radiant throne  
Directs your course. You bring delight,  
O silv'ry stars! and calm at night.

PIUS A. KANNEY, '00.

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IS IT WINTER?

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I thought to hear sweet melody  
From thrush or nightingale,  
The skylark trill her jubilee,  
Until herself I could not see,  
Until her voice would fail.

'Twas but a dream that pleased me so:  
'Tis cold and desolate;  
And singly straying flakes of snow  
Like butterflies flit to and fro,  
Then fall to meet their fate.

It seems it was but yesterday  
I gathered fragrant flowers  
To wind a wreath, a sweet bouquet.—  
The wreath has withered and decay  
Has marred my summer-bowers.

The beautiful flowers that grew last night  
Have sprung from winters breath.  
The forest moans, adorned in white;  
In frozen tears, a piteous sight,  
He wails o'er flowers' death.

It's winter. Blooming flowers grow  
In the garden of our hearts;  
If we sufficient care bestow  
Upon our roses they will glow  
In sunshine God imparts.

A spotless lily I will guard,  
That blooms for my delight;  
A blushing rose, though winter's hard,  
Shall crown my cell, which I regard  
As God's selected right.

In youthful gladness I will wait  
And live while life yet smiles.  
If flowers are passed, if fruit comes late  
I hope for spring, that blissful state  
Where nothing joy defiles.



JUSTICE TRIUMPHS AT LAST.

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THE course of life's stream is changeable, indeed. All men being destined for one and the same end, we should expect their careers to unroll themselves in parallel lines toward the same eternal shores. But not only do they diverge, they cross, recross, run counter, and form at last an inextricable mass, whose single threads are distinctly traced by Him Who rules the destinies of men. Like the brooks, creeks, and rivers, that furrow the surface of our earth in all imaginable directions, finally pouring their bounteous tribute into the limitless ocean, thus run life's currents, to us seemingly in chaotic confusion, but as easily untwined as the thread from its spindle by the One balancing the globe on the palm of His hand. Through similar intricacies, I shall trace the career of the persons, part of whose life I am about to sketch.

The first half of the last century was nearing its completion when Nismes, a town in southern France, was at the height of prosperity. Business in all lines was extremely flourishing and the inhabitants, about 5000 in number, despite the languid and luxurious clime, were a thrifty and labor-loving people. Truly, life was real, but the pursuit of gain was not so all-absorbing as to preclude every opportunity for enjoying on a day of rest the fruits of six days of arduous labor. Not that people squandered in unrestrained prodigality the

earnings of the week, but that, to a moderate extent, they drew from their well-earned resources. Sociability was the characteristic trait of the general class of men and the obnoxious rich were not sufficiently numerous to cloud the sunshine, that brightened the days of the humble and unpretending laborers.

It was at Nismes and during the crisis of general prosperity, that two young men engaged in a banking establishment. Langrand, (the) superintendent, and Clarevoux, a shareholder, were bound to each other not only by a common interest in their business, but by a bond of intimacy riveted on the forge of their hearts. Although there was great danger lest party interests and an inordinate craving for the luring metal rend asunder what the common good and tokens of friendship had almost indissolubly united, these two men were, after a six years' struggle against the odds and reverses of fluctuating business, friends but in name, brothers, however, in their deportment and mutual intercourse. Naturally this attachment was not confined to their own circle, but as they loved and esteemed each other, they were loved, honored, and respected abroad. With unshaken confidence people deposited their little superfluities in Langrand's bank, and never a doubt loomed up in their minds as to the safety of their investment. The capital of the establishment, at first but very slender, increased steadily and at the time, I am placing my incident, was estimated to round 400.000 L.

Clarevoux, somewhat younger than his prin-



cipal, was zealously intent in furthering the interests of the bank. In thoroughness, cleverness, and energy of accomplishment, he was second to Langrand, but superior to him in the quality of always asserting the first place in the estimation of others. Especially Francois, the clerk, gloried in the prepossession of a heart, at once tender and unflinching, and both vied with each other as to who could render the most signal service to their master.

Langrand, although convinced of the uprightness and fidelity of Clarevoux, was not sufficiently firm in banishing from his mind thoughts of suspicion with regard to the virtue of his colleague, whose conduct for some time past had appeared to him unaccountably strange. Had he but inquired into the motive of Clarevoux's behavior, all would have been set aright. However, from a bent of mind, peculiar to him, Langrand remained in obstinate silence, thus giving the insidious poison of mistrust opportunity to spread in his breast.

Meanwhile Clarevoux was attending to his duties with the same alacrity and circumspection as before, totally unconscious of the change that had been wrought in his master's mind. Far from showing indifference in matters of business, he guarded with increased vigilance what he considered his inviolable trust, and for good reasons. Through his keen advertency Clarevoux had received intelligence of the whereabouts of banditti, whose attempts at robbing the bank he had once already frustrated. Without informing Langrand or Francois of the danger, he gloried in thus



rendering services, the magnitude of which inspired him to risk his life rather than allow a second person to participate in his designs. He passed many a sleepless night watching in the clerk's office and guarding such parts of the building as would most readily be selected as places of access. Clarevoux's care in providing for the safety of locks, the procuring of defensive weapons, in case they should be needed, his vigilance at night, all served to augment suspicion in his colleague.

Already previous to this, Langrand had planned a tour to England. It was during this crisis that he revealed his intention to Clarevoux, in terms of such winning intimacy that left the latter still unsuspecting of the diffidence rooted in his breast. Langrand recommended to his guidance the affairs of the bank and constituted him superintendent during his absence, which was to extend to three months. With Clarevoux's frank assurances to leave nothing undone towards maintaining the business in the same prosperous condition, Langrand departed.

Previous, however, to his taking leave of Clarevoux, Langrand had appointed De Lumes to watch over the conduct of the latter until he would return. Of this circumstance Clarevoux was ignorant. De Lumes was a man of questionable repute, who, by his prepossessing manners, had won a prominent place among the favorites of Langrand. But De Lumes stood very low in the estimation of Clarevoux himself, who, with greater ability in the judgment of character, saw in him but too plainly the crouching sycophant.

The responsibility, thrust upon Clarevoux at Langrand's departure, was but a new incentive to him, calling into play all his energy for the successful management of affairs. It doubled his vigilance over all the transactions performed in the bank and fired his zeal in turning everything to the greatest possible advantage. Things continued in a most thriving condition. Frequent correspondence between him and Langrand assured Clarevoux of his master's approval in his undertakings. After the expiration of two months, news was conveyed to Clarevoux of the dangerous illness of his brother, with immediate summons to his bedside. The fact that the letter was written by a stranger's hand aroused no suspicion, for it seemed readily excusable on the ground of his brother's utter inability to write. Clarevoux instantly obeyed the call and departed for Calais, a northwestern seaport of France, where his brother had been engaged among the shipbuilders. He left directions to Francois to inform Langrand of his unforeseen departure.

Scarcely had Clarevoux set out when De Lumes made his appearance in the bank, feigning surprise at his sudden leave, but unable to suppress an exulting air in his fiendish countenance. Without further introduction and in very authoritative terms, that at once puzzled and stung the delicately sensitive clerk, De Lumes claimed the superintendence of the bank until Clarevoux should return. In the support of his demand he advanced the injunction of Langrand. Francois, ignorant of his master's imposition and exasper-



ated at the impertinence of the intruder, met his claim with a peremptory refusal. He would under no circumstances suffer the trust, over which he now considered himself the sole guardian, to slip from his hands, or acknowledge the authority of De Lumes, never delegated upon him by Langrand, unless demanded of him by the latter.

Disconcerted by the firmness of Francois, the vile intriguer took leave, not because he deemed himself vanquished, but in order to contrive with greater foresight his black intent. The desperate artificer had taken hold of a fortune and he would not relinquish his grasp at any hazard. Francois, sharing the opinion of Clarevoux with regard to the character of De Lumes, strongly suspected his sudden intrusion and unhesitatingly dispatched a letter to Langrand, informing him of what had taken place and asking advice as to his future conduct.

Three days afterwards, late in the evening, when Francois was yet engaged ordering his books, De Lumes again entered the office. He made a proposal similar to his first, but met with the same peremptory refusal by the dutiful clerk, who would yield under no conditions before receiving instructions. De Lumes now felt that he might after all lose hold of the thread so carefully spun. Circumstances brooked no delay; there was a fortune to be gained; Clarevoux must by this time be undeceived, and Langrand may return any moment. Impelled by these considerations and goaded on by the demon of lucre, the daredevil at once availed himself of the extreme.



A gleam of the blade—a thrust—opposition was removed; Francois gasped his last breath. The contents of the safe fell a prey of the robber, who then disappeared in the dark and silent night.

Clarevoux had by this time reached Calais. Who can picture his joyful surprise when, instead of meeting his brother at the brink of the grave, as the sad tidings naturally induced him to expect, he found him in the bloom and vigor of health. This joy, however, was but of short duration. Unable how to construe matters, Clarevoux first inquired for the author of the letter, that had caused his coming thither. When his brother confessed himself totally ignorant of the fact, the joy, experienced at the first encounter, speedily vanished, yielding to dark apprehensions. It required but a moment's reflection. Confused thoughts thronged his brain and his mind was besieged with portents of evil. Though he endeavored to banish all fears, they always recurred and, strangely, the form of De Lumes loomed up as central figure. There was no alternative, but an immediate return. Means of communication being then not as extensive as at present, it would, with the utmost celerity, require four days to reach Nismes. Besides, Langrand's return was approaching and affairs must be straightened previously at all costs.

Meanwhile, fearful consternation reigned at Nismes. The report of the robbing of the bank and the murder of Francois had circulated among the inhabitants with lightning's rapidity. The loss of their investments, steadily augmented through years of hard labor, caused terrible commotion a-

mong the people, who thronged to the bank, where terror and amazement seized them at the sight of the murdered clerk. The pen is unable to describe the horror and despair of Langrand arriving suddenly on the scene of so foul a crime. For some unknown cause, the letter of Francois containing De Lume's proposal had failed to reach him, and consequently, the perpetrator of the shocking deed could be none else but the long suspicioned Clarevoux. His strange conduct, observed by Langrand, his absence now, the robbing of the safe to which he alone could have access, all conspired to throw upon him the fearful accusation. And if this were not sufficient, the frantic multitude surrounding the bank, demanding with threats their investments, induced Langrand to denounce Clarevoux publicly and to stigmatize him with the double crime of robbery and murder.

In order to confirm his accusation, Langrand called upon De Lumes, whom he had delegated to observe the conduct of Clarevoux, to state when and how the crime had been perpetrated. Imagine, therefore, his astonishment when informed of De Lumes' sudden disappearance! What seemed clear before, was now involved in mystery. Who was the guilty? It is true, the recollection of Clarevoux's fidelity and sincerity during six years rendered so hideous a crime almost an impossibility; but what of his absence now! But why does De Lumes not appear? Unable how to answer these questions and writhing in pain of this fearful uncertainty, Langrand stooped over the corpse of Francois, conjuring him to speak and name, if



possible, the murderer. And happily, the dead did speak, not with his tongue, for that was silenced forever, but with the little scroll he clasped in his right hand and which Langrand observed. He unfolded the paper and—two words, written by Francois' own hand, and signed with his heart's blood—solved the mystery. "Clarevoux innocent" was all it contained; sufficient, indeed, to clear the latter of his fearful charge, but shifting the ponderous guilt upon De Lumes.

Thus, in spite of his cunning machination, blind justice found the guilty head. The filial love and attachment for Clarevoux seemingly sustained the fleeting breath of Francois until he had attested the innocence of his friend, upon whom he knew, suspicion would fall. How Clarevoux himself was affected on his return by what had happened, I need not state. It was apparent now that the news which summoned him to his brother's bedside, was but an invention of De Lumes for the purpose of obviating every possible obstacle from the road to his double crime. The yawning abyss, which had separated the two friends, now closed again and by loving embraces their hearts were brought into closer contact and the bond of friendship was forged more indissolubly than ever. De Lumes did not escape the hands of justice; the robbed capital was restored; the creditors pacified. The bank was reorganized and is to-day the most flourishing establishment at Nismes.

ILD. RAPP, '00.

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## DREAMS.

In gentle slumber, sweet it is  
    To rest a night in Morpheus' arms,  
Or soar aloft on Fancy's wings  
    And traverse regions free from harms.  
As children's joy are little things  
    Like castles or like caves of sand,  
Or uncouth figures, artist-like  
    Constructed by a tiny hand;  
So fancy oft declines to strike  
    Of human life the real chord.  
The child accuses wind and rain  
    That, like a proud and cruel lord,  
Destroyed o'er night his toys again:  
    And man, by Fancy led aloft,  
Is sorely sorry for his dream.  
    A dream, an empty dream, but oft  
Like to reality may seem.  
    The midnight angel, novel-clad.  
On new year's night knows novel fields.  
    "Success to thee, my clever lad,  
For thee a gracious Clotho yields  
    The rarest fortune; take thy chance."  
Then world-wide fame before his view  
    Arises and a greedy glance  
Excites an aching joy, that grew  
    From vain desire to be renowned.  
The temple falls; the bubble breaks  
    Majestic forms without a sound:  
And man in disappointment wakes.

From fragments build thyself a house  
That mocks the chance of fortune's will.  
Or if pretending pride would rouse  
Presumptuous thoughts: then, to fulfill  
    A humble calling brings more fame  
Than glory with a barrowed name.

ENOCH ARDEN.

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TENNYSON has laid hold of all Saxon hearts by the perfection of his poetry. His world-poem, "In Memoriam," has soothed many a troubled soul, his Idylls urge men on to nobler deeds, while "Arthur and the Table Round" inspired many inferior poets. It would be unjust to form a judgment of any poet by studying his minor productions only; they may serve, however, to discover some distinct character of a poet, which otherwise would remain, at least partially unknown. This is precisely the case with Tennyson's "Enoch Arden."

This poem, though it does not show so much the many-sided genius of Tennyson, adds at least one bright characteristic to the long category: it is his best character sketch. Tennyson did not possess the power of drawing characters, for besides those in "Enoch Arden" and "Aylmers Field" they are generally too ideal, too noble for earth. Like King Arthur they have "no fault at all," which at once raises them to a level with angels.

"His most poetical types of men and women are not substantial things but beautiful pictures," perfect pictures, however, they are, representing one single attribute, virtue or vice with exactness.

Tennyson had not the power to express the deeper passions in his characters, nor does he es-

say to describe exceptional moods, but the simple, tender, and humble types are well portrayed in "Enoch Arden." When Philip says, "I hate you Enoch," we can almost see the puny fist sink again; it is but "the helpless wrath of tears," a passing shadow. The simplicity and tenderness of this poem at once arrest our attention.

With the skill of his master-hand, Tennyson lays the scene of the harbor before us in nine short lines. This characteristic of Tennyson is one of the brightest jewels in his diadem,—his power of landscape-painting. It has been well said that there is more real English scenery in one stanza of "In Memoriam" than in the whole of that vaunted descriptive poem of Thomson, "The Seasons." It is the suggestiveness of Tennyson that pleases. In one touch of the master there is more art displayed, than in a whole picture of an unskilled painter.

Everything that Tennyson writes is so simple that we almost lose sight of the artist. His art is hidden. This is applicable to his language, as well as to the plot and characters in "Enoch Arden." Before we have progressed very far in its reading we almost suspect the end. The petty quarrels of the children playing "at keeping house" are the key to the plot. The characters also think and act just as we would picture them to us.

Of the three principal characters, Enoch is the most perfect and the most noble. Enoch, a type of the humble, God-fearing sailors, with strong limbs and weather-beaten countenance, fol-



lows one end, to educate his children; he cannot bear

“To see his children leading evermore  
Low miserable lives of hand to mouth.”

And in aspiring to this end he is content. But “merrily ran the years” and swiftly were the happy years at an end. And then comes “doubt and gloom,

He seemed as in a nightmare of the night.”

But the cloud vanishes, the gloom is dispelled, for Enoch prayed and was answered. There is but one way to retrieve his fortune, still he would not leave Annie if it were not with hope to gladden her the more and to make her life a more pleasant one in the end; for he says,

“This voyage, by the Grace of God,  
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.”

But the noblest part yet remains for Enoch to act. After years of solitude and helpless longing he reaches home and it is not his home, for “a bill of sale gleamed through the drizzle,” and he can but moan, “dead or dead to me!” And when he is informed of the truth he can but mutter, “Cast away and lost.”

Yet cast away though he was, to know she is happy satisfies him and gladly does he see death approach for then she will be happier, for

“Then she may learn I loved her to the last.”

Philip Ray, the once slighted suitor, bears himself nobly in his delicate position. Though he was once slighted, and bore “a life-long hunger in his heart,” after Enoch had departed and Annie was in need, then only he comes to be comfort to her, to do what Enoch had desired most, “to put

the boy and girl to school." His love is pure, such as can bear the slight faults of the one loved. Though strong it was yet he "will bide his year" and after that is passed, another half year elapses and still the "life-long hunger" is gnawing Philip's life. His silvery hair and furrowed countenance bespeak the inner sufferings. But all the more does a man enjoy his success if for a long time he had expended his most strenuous efforts to that one end. Thus Philip was all the happier now.

The character of Annie Lee is the most true to nature; there is more of the human frailty and sufferings depicted in her life. It is true, Enoch bore greater pains, but he bore them nobly, with almost supernatural strength, while her doubt never vanishes after Enoch's heroic sacrifice. From the moment that he leaves in good hopes on the vessel bound for India, she wept for him as though he were dead. Her sorrow was increased by the death of the third child. She always fears Enoch will not return and never hopes. Thus she wears her life away in sorrow and poverty. What wonder then, that after ten long years of waiting she despairs of Enoch's return? She had delayed Philip until his sufferings overcame her constancy but only after she had prayed for a sign of Enoch's death, and had seen him sitting beneath a palm-tree, singing "Hosanna in the highest," did she wed Philip. Still something within her warns her and

"Never merrily beat Annie's heart,  
A footstep seemed to fall beside her feet—  
She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear—  
She knew not what."



Now she must suspect that Enoch is dead, but fear lest he return and break in upon the happiness of her husband. This uncertainty gives her no peace.

Pure love, not the love of Launcelot and Guinivere, but of Elaine actuated the hearts of Enoch, Philip, and Annie. It is a tender love, but it never debases itself into sentimentalism. When Enoch leaves home, never to be his home again, it is with trust in God, such as but a sailor can feel when tossed about on the wide ocean, for

“The sea is his; He made it.”

The sense of duty must be a more powerful motive for action than the love of man. Enoch leaves all that he loved most dearly, because he knew this to be the only way of retrieving his fortunes and to wrest the family from poverty. It is, therefore, his duty that prompts the separation. Only a strange presentiment of danger makes Annie stand against his will.

Although it is principally as a character-sketch that Enoch Arden is classed among the best of Tennyson's works, yet his other bright characteristics are also represented in it. There is not the expression of deep truths such as Wordsworth would utter, still some expressions, like

“Things seen are mightier than things heard,” by which we at once know the writer, are not wanting.

This production does not exhibit the strong passion of Byron, but the feelings of the low and humble, often sorrowing, never despairing, are well depicted. It is not “the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn” of Byron, but it is “the love of love,” never shown more tender, pure, and simple than by Tennyson in “Enoch Arden.

PIUS A. KANNEY, '00.



BLESSINGS.

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Lift up thy eyes, behold the spot!  
Sweet music's chime breaks on thy ear.  
Be not deceived, a God is near;  
'Mid deserts He forgets you not.

Let swell thy soul, thy inmost core!  
Behold, the lonely flowers weep,  
In sympathy with nature keep,  
Where silv'ry ripples kiss the shore.

Those burning sands in desert's ocean  
Seclude a thriving virgin spot,  
That lightens pilgrims' weary lot;  
Its fragrance stirs the heart's emotion.

Blithe birds, I love you, flit about  
In princely robes, forgetting rest.  
Sweet melody ring from your breast  
To God, whose love we cannot doubt.

O magic power of song, thy glee  
Expels the coldness of my soul.  
O blessed spot where birds extol  
Unfathomed joy, my heart to free.

C. N. FAIST, '00.

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### XIEMENES.

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Reading the world's history we are apt to turn all our attention to mighty sovereigns and renowned conquerors and to consider only those deeds that are marked with brilliancy and heroic valor. We admire the several celebrated ages, but do not inquire who or what has made them such, nor do we fully realize the immense labor, the heroic devotion, and the generous sacrifices which they involved. With eager eyes we follow the dexterous knight in the tournament and with feverish heat trace the outlines of contending hosts, enveloped in clouds of dust or smoke, but we do not stop to consider the motives of action, we do not examine the causes and effects of historical facts. We learn to know the world's great men by name, but our acquaintance does not go deeper—we read history, like the average novel-reader, merely for the story's sake.

This, however, is losing sight of the real object of the study of history. To memorize facts and dates of history is an effective means for the cultivation of the retentive faculties of the mind, but the benefit stops here. The knowledge of mere historical facts can have no influence in shaping our own actions so as to obtain desirable results, unless we know the development of these facts and are intimately acquainted with their consequences. Again, it is not sufficient to know that this or that man was a great man, but we

must seek to establish *why* he is such. Only if we study history in this manner will we derive a permanent benefit from its perusal. Facts of history are then no longer mere "dry" facts, but pleasant images around which cluster innumerable interesting and instructive incidents; the mention of great men is then no longer a mere jingle in our ears, but it calls up these men before our mind and we review their lives just as they lived them. We see how in early youth the seed of future greatness was laid, we watch its first manifestations in the young man and then see it burst forth with all its splendor in manhood.

Among the great men of past ages few afford a deeper insight into their souls, few were actuated by loftier motives, and few were held in higher esteem by their contemporaries and are admired more by posterity than Cardinal Xiemenes.

Xiemenes was born in 1436 at Torrelaguna in Castile, of a noble but poor family. His parents destined him for the priesthood and accordingly we find him in Alcala and Salamanca in the pursuit of knowledge: Holy Scripture, ancient literature, and jurisprudence were his favorite studies. After receiving holy orders he went to Rome to devote all his energies to the study of the decisions of the ecclesiastical courts. His profound learning and irreproachable life drew considerable attention upon him, but the death of his father, in 1465, compelled him to return to his native country, to provide for the bereft family. He obtained letters from the Pope in virtue of which he was to be placed in the enjoyment of the



first vacant benefice. However, when he demanded the position of an archpriest in Uzeda, archbishop Carillo of Toledo, who did not acknowledge the "expective" letters of the Pope, sternly opposed him. But Xiemenes was not the man to be silenced by a peremptory refusal: when it meant to defend right against wanton oppression he was inexorable and he preferred to suffer a six year's unjust imprisonment, rather than swerve one inch from the justice of his cause. The unflinching firmness of the young cleric finally forced the mighty archbishop to submit, but prospects of promotion being very small as long as Carillo lived, he exchanged his place for that of a chaplain at Signenda, where he soon won the admiration and confidence of Cardinal Mendoza, archbishop of Seville, to such an extent that he was appointed administrator of the diocese of Signenda.

Xiemenes was on the sure way to honor and distinction when he suddenly resolved to become a monk. All the remonstrances of his friends were fruitless; he entered the Franciscan monastery San Juan de Los Reges and soon distinguished himself for his singular piety and austerity. His sanctity attracted multitudes that wished to confess only to him and Xiemenes, desirous to evade publicity and to give himself only to his own perfection, obtained leave to retire to the convent of Castanar. With the permission of his superiors he erected with his own hand a little hut in a neighboring forest, where, devoting his time to pious exercises and the study of Holy Scripture, he spent "the happiest days of his life".

Xiemenes, however, could not long enjoy his retirement. Cardinal Mendoza, who became archbishop of Toledo on the death of Carillo, had not forgotten the former general of Signenda and when Queen Isabella desired another confessor in place of Tolavera, whom she had made archbishop of Granada, Mendoza proposed Xiemenes as the most worthy for her spiritual guide. Without knowing the intention of the Cardinal, the humble monk was invited to the court and led, as if by chance, into the apartment of Isabella. The Queen, not less struck with the humble and at the same time dignified bearing of the friar than with the penetration of his mind and the loftiness of his aspirations, was delighted that she now had a confessor 'who equalled St. Augustine in wisdom, St. Jerome in asceticism, and St. Ambrose in religious zeal', but she found it a difficult task to persuade Xiemenes to accept the offer and only after she repeatedly assured that he could live among his brethren according to the rules of his order, he finally submitted. Isabella's esteem for her confessor grew day by day and she consulted him not only in matters of conscience but she seldom took an important step without having first heard his advice. Thus Xiemenes already at this time exercised considerable influence over the affairs of the state.

Shortly after his appointment as the confessor of the Queen, Xiemenes was elected provincial of the Franciscan order of Old and New Castile. Traveling on foot and begging his sustenance from charitable persons, he visited the



monasteries of his province, inducing his brethren by words and example to a strict observance of the rules. Isabella now entrusted him with the reformation of the convents, not only of his own order, but of all the religious communities of her dominions. It is needless to say that this was a difficult task; calumny, slander, and even personal abuses were heaped upon the reformer, but everything proved useless against the firmness of Ximenes. Supported by the influence of the Queen he brought about the much needed reform, though he completed it only as archbishop of Toledo.

In the year 1195 Cardinal Mendoza, archbishop of Toledo, Primate of Spain, and Prime Minister of Castile, died, leaving the most wealthy and influential position of the united kingdoms vacant. Isabella in her marriage with Ferdinand, reserved several rights, among them the appointment to the benefices. This, as the history of Henry IV. of Germany proved, was a dangerous right in the hands of a prince and Isabella keenly felt her responsibilities, but following the advice of Mendoza, she finally determined upon Ximenes. Isabella did not for a moment doubt the ability of her confessor, but the appointment of a man of humble station to such an exalted dignity was an innovation, which the zealous nobility would naturally resent. Relying, however, on the help of God and the consummate wisdom of her candidate, she despatched messengers to Rome to obtain the necessary approval of the Pope. Ximenes was ignorant of all this and when the Queen present-



ed him the letters of the Pope he turned pale and exclaiming, "that is not for me" he left the palace abruptly, to conceal himself. Long and persistently he strove by every means possible to evade the honor but his refusal only called forth another letter of the Pope commanding him to submit to the papal decree. Further resistance being now impossible he was consecrated in 1495 in the presence of the sovereigns and their whole court. When after the ceremonies, in compliance with an old custom, the Primate kissed the rulers' hands, he said these characteristic words to the Queen: "I kiss your hands not so much in acknowledgement of my elevation to the first see in Spain than in the hope that these hands will also support me in carrying the heavy burden, which you have placed upon my shoulders." Moved by the humility and the keen sense of responsibility of the new Primate, Ferdinand and Isabella reverently kissed his hands.

Thus as long as Xiemenes sought only moderate preferments, they fled before him and even brought him into prison, but when he scorned them, the highest honors were forced upon him.

Xiemenes was fifty-nine years old when he was made archbishop of Toledo. Continual labor and unrelenting austerities had so withered his frame that few predicted that he would outlive the sovereigns and astonish the whole world with his achievements. But beneath that frail body there still burned the flame of youthful ardor; it needed only an object worthy of the man and his strength and greatness loomed up in immense

proportions, dismaying all that ventured to oppose him.

The new archbishop, far from being puffed up, remained a monk all his life. Though his income was that of a king, his expenses were less than those of a beggar. The humble Franciscan garb still clothed his slender limbs, the palace became a convent and a few poor Franciscan friars formed the retinue of the Primate of Spain and the Prime Minister of Castile. This simplicity of life soon aroused the severe criticisms, both of his friends and enemies. These attributed it to hypocrisy and pride and those to a want of appreciation of his position, but both parties agreed that it was derogatory to his dignity. Xiemenes cared little for these complaints, until a third letter of the Pope compelled him to live in a manner befitting his rank. He now surrounded himself with that pomp which his high station required, but beneath his silk robes he still wore the humble frock of the Franciscan friar and amid tables set with oriental luxury, he lived on the coarsest food: outward pomp only concealed his private austerities.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THEODORE A. SAURER, '00.

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LINES.

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Joy is a plant of tender growth and hue;  
It needs the clearest sunshine, richest dew.  
On virgin soil it yields the purest perfume,  
But unawares this flower may die for you.

V. A. S., '00.

**THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN**  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY  
DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR


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EDITORIALS.

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The joy of Christmas vacation is still lingering on the countenances of our students. The new year will not mar the peace and tranquillity of our heart if we ourselves are wise enough to keep its friendship without misunderstanding and to raise our aim if it should sink below the proposed mark.



A man's education is almost wholly mirrored in his speech. In conversation each person stands on his own feet, unless he be a narrow mind that needs must "catch the spreading rumor of the town." A person's talk, to be that of an educated gentleman, must contain method, thought, and style. Judging from this standpoint we can easily discern the merits of others. It happens not very unfrequently that some are entirely overestimated. One may possess the knack of pleasing, great gallantry, and sociability, but yet lack a thorough education. His knowledge is but fume of would-be wisdom; he walks as if on broken ice, every moment liable to sink.

He who is well posted in some branches will undoubtedly go farther and rise higher than the man of many incomplete and crippled attainments. The famous "vir unius libri" has lost its truth in our times. One must be an all-about man. The most versatile is also the most successful, and the boldest is apt to tear the laurel from his better versed rival. Yet, "boldness is the child of ignorance and baseness." Not always. Good judgment will soon distinguish sham from reality. That "the knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear" is verified but too often. A vain man, however, makes himself ridiculous before sober minds. Of course, sots will applaud their peers for foolish doings.

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We find men who never become tired of reading novels; they make it their daily mental food, though it is least nourishing. Others dream a-

way their time over poetry, while some are wistful enough to attempt philosophy, proudly carrying bundles of sophism instead of sound thought. But very few seem to understand the extent and depth of biography and especially of history. "Nec vero sum inscius esse utilitatem in historia, non modo voluptatem." Did perhaps Cicero find what other men could never detect? Thoughtful persons have always been attracted by history, the vast scope of which is the greatest incentive to diligent minds.

We do not regard history as a chronological table, lifeless and dry in its analytical exposition, but we look to its educational value. This value lies hidden in the philosophy of history, in the cause and effects of events bringing progress or detriment to humanity.

History becomes fruit-bearing when we study the formation of nations, their government, and the relationship between different peoples. We care less for dates than for the special character of a nation, which is best obtained by marking its intellectual condition at the transition from mere civilization to enlightenment, or by studying its moral and esthetic culture. "The only history that is of practical value," says a writer, "is descriptive sociology."

History can be conceived as an enormous mirror reflecting the past. Thus it may become the guiding-star of the present, to lead us on with greater security into the future. History may also be made the key to unlock the future, for the past will in some degree predict, or reflect in its



own image, what is likely to come. The useful side of history is equally obvious, for many examples stand before us for imitation or as wholesome admonitions. What others obtained with great trouble is facilitated for us; for to walk through a wilderness is more difficult than to follow up the trodden path. Thus ancient lore and labor showers blossoms upon the past, but bears fruit for the present.

The study of history is sublime; we feel the directing hand of an independent being. God in history is more easily perceptible than God in nature, for history teaches most strikingly His wisdom, power, justice, etc., whilst in nature He is deeply hidden and seemingly more insignificant. Even the ancients were aware of this. Among the Hebrews primitive history developed itself into religious history; and in a similar manner was mythology of the pagans, a combination of natural and national history, called into existence. —All this ought to stimulate our love for history.

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“Educate the whole mass of people,” said our great Jefferson. Washington expressed the same wish. This has ever been a problem of much dispute and difficulty, and now, since time is making almost too rapid progress, it has grown to be a question with numerous drawbacks. A complete public education, instead of private and privileged training would perhaps solve this problem. A contemporary writer says, “all aims are contained in the two words ‘Character and Health.’ ” This seems highly plausible. Religion, history,



and literary reading are undoubtedly the principal factors in the formation of character; which divisions ought to be the main studies in schools. This would perhaps argue a deficiency in our school-system.

To the named studies many other branches are so closely allied that the former cannot be a complete course without the latter. But some say that "people are happier in a state of ignorance," and for this reason ought not be led to the light. Whoever adduces such argument exposes clearly his barbarous and egoistic views. Ignorance can never afford true happiness. The more knowledge we acquire the more intense grows likewise our desire to enter farther into the realms of wisdom. This continually unsatisfied yearning becomes painful, but it is a sweet mental torture. No one denies that simple people are happy in their way and more content even than the learned, because they are satisfied. Humanity, however, ought to vindicate its higher destiny by striving to approach its primitive qualifications.

We must admit that it is impossible to introduce commons into scientific spheres that are by privilege open only to a narrow circle. Such knowledge is not needed either, for whatever is removed from every-days life is likewise not necessarily required for education. Furthermore, a good education cannot be acquired from books and lectures alone, for "culture is no mere dead possession; it is the power of determination; it is life." This definition seems to me most excellent and complete. Since culture is life, it naturally

includes all requisites for a pleasant, social, and respectable life. Thus it may happen that we find men whose cranium is filled with knowledge of every kind, but whose culture, from the standpoint of practicability, points to a very low degree.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '00.

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### EXCHANGES.

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The old year with its sorrows and joys is passed and the new one is already fairly under way. Since the change of years is a very appropriate time for making good resolutions, the exchange editors, like all pious Christians, have, no doubt, also devoted a few of their precious moments to examine their latitudinarian consciences and have marked the margins of their memoranda with good resolutions. It would, indeed, be preposterous not to suppose this, but have the esteemed occupants of the 'critical chair' also included their duties to their little paper? Have they determined to read the exchanges before passing judgment upon them? Are they not conscious of having blighted the hopes and aspirations of a rising poet or a promising essayist by ungracious criticisms?— Many more such questions could be added, but all, certainly, thought of this before and we would only suggest to give these thoughts a more conspicuous place than the margin of the memorandum. Written in bold letters and placed over the exchange-table, they would not only escape the common fate of good resolutions, but

would even be an ornament to the sanctum.

The "King's Nursery", in the December number of the *Georgetown College Journal*, is the best rythmical creation we have seen for many months. It cannot be said to be a beautiful poem—the theme would hardly warrant a great display of imagery—but its gracefulness and home-felt force must charm every reader. Never, we think, was the appreciation of college education better expressed than by the closing lines of this poem:

"So drink to the palace walls  
And to the babe that rules by birth:  
But kneel to the College halls  
And the men that rule by worth."

Of the many excellent essays that appeared in the last issues of the *Journal* we would award the first prize to the author of "Causes of Spain's Political Decline" and "The Passing of the Transvaal."

The *Leaflets from Loretto*, bright and chaste as usual, have again made their appearance. The excellent prose and poetry of this unpretentious paper entitle it to one of the first places among our exchanges. Studies from Shakespeare, a poem to Wordsworth, the grandiloquent eulogy of "I" and "Christmas Chimes" are delightful literary productions. The beauty of the last named poem would have been greatly enhanced if the gifted writer had always carried out the alternate rhyme.

The December number of the *Abbey Student* is exceedingly interesting. All lovers of genuine church music will appreciate a biography of the great musical composer Dr. F. X. Witt. "Bont



Sykloans" is certainly a typical piece told by a typical Sunflower. The historical essays, "The Conversion of Moravia and Bohemia" and "Alfred the Great" show diligent research and good judgment in choosing the salient points of these wide tracts.

We are delighted with the Xmas edition of the *St. Mary's Sentinel*. "Sunday Morning at a country Church," "Thomas a Becket" and "Edgar Allen Poe" are exceptionally well written articles. But why is the *Sentinel* so adverse to poetry? We always thought the South congenial to its growth. The *Sentinel's* exchange column is the nerviest of all our exchanges.

What has become of our old friends *The Holy Cross Purple*, *The Boston Stylus*, *St. Edward's Echo*, and *The St. Vincent Student*?

T. A. SAURER, '00.

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### LOCALS.

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Specialists and specialties are always sure to receive mention in this column. Among these the prompt return of the boys after the Xmas holidays deserves to be put down in the first place. Of course, you must excuse one exception, our friend Flaherty made his appearance only a few days later, because he was delayed, for he had to pick up lost teeth along the road!

"Vacation is a grand thing," says Pete, "it makes everything lighter, but especially the—purse."

Now boys, brush up for semi-annual examinations! But "don't be uneasy, they will teach you to waltz." Better take a little private exercise yourselves, before you step into the ring! Your feet might get mixed up and cause you to fall—through. Beware lest they become *exanimations* for some of you!

During vacation many were cutting ice, some cut stars, and others, stripes; a few, however, saw stars, and still bear the effects of stripes!

No traveler takes greater care of his trunk than the elephant, he always carries it with him.

During band rehearsal. Proph., "Cyril, you must play those runs over there." Cyril, "I have n't got the runs, Earnest has them."

Playing nine-pins has always been a favorite game among a number of students. But now, since our bowling-alley has undergone great improvements by the laying of a new track, crowds flock thither to spend their recreation in sending the destructive missiles among the wooden regiment. Peals of thunder and the prolonged roar of the rolling balls heard at a great distance tell of the hot engagements within. Flashes of lightning that may at times rend the air among the contending parties are invisible to outsiders. It is encouraging to see the boys take so great an interest in this game. Besides the mental relaxation it affords, it is an excellent physical exercise. We hope to see in the near future a repetition of those contest games for championship which, a few years ago, we witnessed with such great pleasure.

Boos says, he would be the best boy in the world, if the kids wouldn't make him laugh.

Ambrose, if you wish to learn skating, you must become as one of these *little* ones.

Barney, don't you come back with those whiskers on!

What a difference there is in the signification of words! Call a man's head *level*, and he will smile, call it *flat*, and he gets mad.

What is the difference between a man and a mule? Syl. "The man puts his best foot forward, the mule puts it backward."

When such boys as Cob! charm assemblies with their vocal solos, an extraordinary crisis of song must be impending. Never before has this noble art received so exclusive an attention among the students of C. PP. S. than at present. Sam, of course, (is) was the star soloist. What, if the silent, but imposing presence of our organ calls forth such heartrending strains, will happen when its rapturous melodies, until some time past but a hidden treasure, shall once inspire the youthful singers?

"Hic jacet Bill and hic jacet Joe!!!" exclaimed Cantus delightfully when he saw those two fractions of mankind scrambling in the ditch after a runaway.

P. U. ventured upon the ice and—got into deep waters!

A jug handle is the most onesided affair in the world and no one takes offense at it.

"Speech is silver, silence is gold," a certain author has it. Beware of making gold the standard



here! A monopoly of either one makes men fools, and the best way is to put them both on an equal basis. The gold alone, in this case, is dead capital; it is the silver that preserves the investment active.

After an extremely patriotic address the other night, W. Hordeman concluded thus: "I am always ready and willing to die for my country—of old age!"

Everybody loves indulgent men, but some are so indulgent that they never come home sober.

Don't be too hard on those poor niggers, Bill!

A timely advice. P. K.: "Hold on Scrutch, if you are going to hang yourself then at least take a poorer rope!"

Muhler don't believe that a man is always cool when he shivers. The closer the fire, the colder the current running down your back. You don't feel very hot when the prefect approaches and you can't extinguish your pipe in time.

Prof. "What is a mammal?" V. S. "All them big animals."

Says Benno: "People don't know that the tail is the dog's barometer; when it reaches the maximum height, he is tracking a rabbit; when it sinks to zero, the atmosphere is not quite safe, and he is in dangerous proximity of the cane."

The following amendments were added to the constitution of the smoking club and have been published by the secretary at their reorganization after the Xmas holidays: 1, Henceforth the entrance fee for all newcomers shall consist in furnishing the club with smoking material for a week.

2, Tiros in the art of fumigation must take private lessons by the president, whose duty it is always to smoke the first half of the cigar and let his pupil smoke the rest. 3, If any member of the club is caught chewing, he must promptly deliver himself of the cud, and he is liable to expulsion unless willing to pay any fine, the president may deem suitable, wholesome, and at the time profitable for all the members to impose.

His Maiden Effort.

I do not care what people say,  
Much less what they may think;  
If I succeed, or go astray,  
It's my own fault, I think.

Withhold your judgment, praise or blame  
Until this verse is done;  
Meanwhile I might approach to fame,  
Decide when I am gone.

Therefore let me finish quick  
What boldly I begun:  
O Muse, help! help! gee whiss, I stick—  
Now have your say—I run.

Dick.

ILDEPHONSE J. RAPP, '00.

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HONORARY MENTION.

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## FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

## 95-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, H. Bernard, F. Boeke, J. Braun, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, L. Dabbelt, C. Eder, T. Ehinger, C. Fischer, H. Froning, R. Goebel, T. Hammes, P. Hartman, C. Hills, E. Hoffman, B. Horstman, H. Horstman, A. Kamm, E. Ley, A. McGill, J. Meyer, H. Metzdorf, H. Muhler, J. Sanderell, M. Shumacher, J. Seitz, J. Steinbrunner, G. Studer, T. Sulzer, F. Theobald, C. Van Flandern, E. Vurpillat, P. Wahl, H. Wellman, P. Welsh, F. Wemhoff, E. Werling, J. Wessel, C. Wetli, E. Wills, M. Zimmer, J. Mutch.

## 90-95 PER CENT.

G. Arnold, O. Bremerkamp, J. Buchman, C. Ellis, G. Emsing, A. Hepp, J. Hildebrand, A. Junk, W. Keilman, E. Lonsway, J. Naughton, C. Sibold, V. Sibold, F. Wagner, L. Wagner.

## FOR CLASS WORK.

In the first paragraph appear the names of those that have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all their classes during the last month. The names of those that reached an average of from 84-90 per cent are found in the second paragraph.



## 90-100 PER CENT.

G. Arnold, W. Arnold, H. Bernard, F. Boeke, J. Braun, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, L. Dabbelt, T. Ehinger, M. Ehleringer, H. Froning, R. Goebel, C. Grube, P. Hartman, S. Hartman, E. Hefelee, E. Hoffman, W. Hordeman, A. Koenig, T. Kramer, S. Kremer, J. Kupper, E. Ley, E. Lonsway, H. Metzendorf, A. McGill, C. Mohr, H. Muhler, J. Mutch, D. Neuschwanger, C. Olberding, A. Schaefer, W. Scheidler, Z. Scheidler, A. Schuette, M. Schumacher, R. Schwieterman, H. Seiferle, J. Steinbrunner, J. Seitz, E. Vurpillat, F. Wachen-dorfer, F. Wagner, J. Wagner, P. Wahl, T. Welsh, F. Wemhoff, M. Zimmer.

## 84-90 PER CENT.

F. Didier, C. Eder, W. Flaherty, E. Flaig, H. Hammes, A. Hepp, J. Hildebrand, C. Hills, B. Holler, L. Huber, X. Jaeger, W. Keilman, M. Koester, L. Linz, J. Meyer, S. Meyer, R. Monin, R. Schmidt, B. Staiert, R. Stoltz, G. Studer, T. Sulzer, J. Trentman, E. Werling, E. Wills.

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